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#### NAPOLEON'S FAREWELL.

The Most Dramatic Scene in the History of Fontainebleau.  
It was at Fontainebleau that Napoleon received the pope in 1804. It was at Fontainebleau that he imprisoned the pope—the apartment which served as his prison is still shown—in 1812 and 1813. Finally, for Nemesis would have it so, it was at Fontainebleau that Napoleon signed his abdication and said farewell to his army in 1814, coming down the horseshoe staircase at the head of Cour du Cheval Blanc and placing himself at the head of the guard as if for a review.  
"For twenty years," he said, "I have been well content with you and you have always been with me on the path of glory. With your help and that of all the brave men who are still loyal I could have carried on the war for three years longer, but France would have suffered, and I did not wish that to happen.  
"I might have died—that would have been easy—but I would not. I prefer to follow the path of honor and to write the history of our exploits.  
"I cannot embrace you all, but I will embrace your general. Come, General Fétit. Bring me the eagle! Dear eagle! May these kisses find their echo in every brave man's heart.  
"Farewell, my children!"  
That surely is the most pathetic as it is also the most dramatic scene in the whole history of Fontainebleau.—T. P.'s London Weekly.

#### OLD TIME ENGLISH.

Words as They Were Pronounced in Shakespeare's Day.  
The innovation of pronouncing Shakespeare's words as they were probably pronounced in his own day was carried out at a fete arranged at University College, London. The experiment inspired this comment by the Manchester Guardian:  
For "one touch of nature" Shakespeare probably said "own tooch of natter," and, very much like a modern Irishman, he would say, "A haste that wants discourse of rayson." It would be "Loov's Labber's Lost" and the "Midsummer Neecht's Drame." Scraps of "Hamlet" would sound thus:  
"A haste that wants discourse of rayson Would have moored longer."  
"Be they as pure (French u) as grass (grace)."  
"A broken voice and his whole function shooting (sulting) With forms to his consent."  
"To take arms against a say of troobles."  
Our ancestors of even some 150 years ago said "Room" for Rome, "cheer" for chair, "obleged" for obliged, "greet bowl" (the "ou" as in "out") for "great bowl," and, further back, Milton would say "biling water."

**Real Thrillers.**  
"Talk of dime novels!" exclaimed the insurance man. "You ought to read a detective bureau report on an insurance case if you want a thriller. Our company carries a great deal of burglary insurance and, of course, when a robbery occurs to any of our customers we put detectives on the case. The reports that these men send in are simple statements of facts boiled down hard and containing nothing but what is absolutely essential to the business, but for intense interest they beat any novel I ever read or expect to read. Occasionally after a case is finished and has become ancient history I get out these reports and read them to a group of my friends, and no play can hold a more absorbed audience. The actual trailing of a criminal by detectives and the marvels of ingenuity on both sides are world beaters for dramatic situations and excitement."—New York Press.

**Whittier's Visitor.**  
Pilgrims used to visit Whittier continually. A typical one came from Missouri. Though told that Whittier had a headache, he forced his way into the poet's study, where he declared that he adored all Whittier's works, which he knew almost by heart. He asked Whittier to write his name several hundred times on a large sheet of foolscap, so that he could cut out and distribute the autographs among his Missouri friends. In fact, it was all the poet could do to keep the enthusiastic Missourian from clipping all the buttons from his coat as souvenirs.  
"And all the time"—so Whittier would end the anecdote pathetically—"all the time he called me White-taker."—Exchange.

**The Value of Tact.**  
A tactful person can make a whole roomful of people feel happy by conveying to them individually a tacit recognition of their individual accomplishments. To tell a shy girl that she is charming is to transform her and make her exercise her charm. To tell a dispirited man that he is courageous and clever is to put into him such an infusion of strength that he will be on the highroad to success.—Woman's Life.

**It Depends!**  
"How do you pronounce s-t-i-n-g-y?" the teacher asked the young gentleman nearest the foot of the class. And the smart boy stood up and said it depended a great deal whether the word applied to a man or a bee.—London News.

**Where the Poems Go.**  
"John, I must have a new gown."  
"But that old gown of yours is a poem."  
"It may be a poem, but it's about ready for the wastebasket now."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

If you listen to honeyed words you are likely to get stung.—Lippincott's.

**He Got the Chair.**  
On a very hot afternoon a number of around town chaps who didn't seem to have much to do were lounging in the chairs in front of a leading hotel. Several traveling men came out of the hotel and, finding all of the chairs occupied, looked and spoke things that wouldn't go well in polite society.  
"Let's dump a few of them out," suggested one.

"Hold on a minute," replied another. "Watch me get a chair." With that he walked over to one of the loungers and in the most courteous way said, "Will you please tell me whether that is a drug store across the street?"  
"No," replied the lounge; "that's a bank."  
"Oh, is it? Well, say, what is that nice big building just down the street there, two corners away?"  
"That's the postoffice," was the reply.  
"You live in this charming city, then?" asked the drummer.  
"I do," said the lounge.  
"Well, then," replied the traveling man, "I'm a guest at this hotel and paying for accommodations. Suppose you get up and give me that chair."  
He got the chair.—Kansas City Journal.

**Varieties of Humor.**  
The Temple of Art, devoted to that peculiar form of entertainment ye call "polite vaudeville," was crowded to suffocation as Messrs. Biff and Bang, the refined skotch team and sidewalk conversationalists, stepped jauntily to the footlights. In response to the deafening applause Messrs. Biff and Bang bowed condescendingly, as though it hurt them.

Without further preliminary Mr. Biff hit his partner on the rear of his ample trousers with a stuffed club, remarking, "It's a wise man that knows his own mind."  
And Mr. Bang, not to be outdone in this little exchange of pleasantries, promptly buried an ax in the skull of Mr. Biff, remarking the while, "It's a wise man that minds his own nose."  
Whereupon the intelligent audience screamed with delight and voted Biff and Bang the best ever. "And yet they were a frost in the London halls," commented a man in the front row. "The English have no appreciation of real humor."—Philadelphia Ledger.

**A Happy Compromise.**  
"What a beautiful little baby he is!" exclaimed the neighbor who had called. "He isn't six months old yet, either," said the proud young mother, "and he weighs over twenty pounds."  
"What have you named him?"  
"Well," hesitated the mother, "Henry and I differed a little about that. He wanted to give him one name, and I wanted to give him another, but we finally compromised and agreed to call him John Wesley."  
"I see. You named him after the great founder of Meth?"  
"No, indeed," quickly interrupted the mother. "That name, as I said, is a compromise."  
"But how?"  
"The 'John' is for John Calvin, and the 'Wesley' is for John Wesley."  
"Oh, I see."—Youth's Companion.

**Queer Claret.**  
A party of miners calling at an inn in Llangollen during the absence of the landlord were shown into the best room, which, on his return, caused him to remonstrate. His wife, however, explained that a lot of money had been spent and that seven bottles of claret had already been drunk.  
"Claret!" said he. "Why, I sold the last bottle the other day. You've been giving 'em catchup."—From "Random Recollections of a Commercial Traveler."

**Salad Rolls.**  
Materials.—One dozen fresh Parker House rolls, one cupful of cold chicken, one cupful of chopped celery and enough mayonnaise to mix well.  
Way of Preparing.—Open the rolls and scoop out a pocket in each. Brush with butter and run in the oven for a few minutes. Cool and fill with a mixture of the other ingredients. Place on a bread plate and garnish with fringed celery.—National Food Magazine.

**Some Consolation.**  
A detective once said it was all wrong to suppose that the professional housebreaker works with coolness and calculation. On the contrary, he usually works in terror and haste, takes too much swag from one room and too little from another and sometimes overlooks the silver in carrying off the electro.—London Saturday Review.

**Source of Supply Gone.**  
"Why don't you bring out an umbrella on a drenching day like this?" Inquired a man of a neighbor's son.  
"Since father gave up his club he's never brought home any more umbrellas," replied the lad.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

**Good Reason.**  
"Well, Johnny, do you wish you were a grownup man?"  
"You bet I do."  
"But why?"  
"So people wouldn't ask me such fool questions."—Exchange.

**Muddled.**  
She—Of course I'm not as old as you think I am.  
He—I hope not—I mean you can't be—that is—how old are you?—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**A Difficult Task.**  
The Man—Do you think you could learn to love me, darling? The Darling—I don't know; I might. I learned Greek when I was a girl.—Illustrated Bits.

## Mr. Merchant:

Did you ever visit New York, Chicago, St. Louis or any of the Great Cities? If so you thoroughly posted yourself on hotels before you got there, didn't you? Wanted to know right where it was located and just what it was going to cost you, didn't you?

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